

# The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi"

Andrew Price, Editor

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for everything is not pleasant, is it? But that's what you are doing, if you don't buy here. Did you think it possible to buy a \$20.00 bicycle for \$10.75? Catalogue No. 57 shows many bargains in Shoes, Hats and Furnishings. Lithographed Catalogue No. 57 shows Carpets, Rugs, Portieres and Lace Curtains, in hand-colored colors. If you prefer, see carpets free, and furnish lining without charge.

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Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

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Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

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Office next door to C. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

## The Fallen of the Fight.

Oh, the story and the glory of the fallen of the fight  
Beneath the drooped flags dreaming  
in the laurels and the light!  
Is there rumor of the strife now?  
Do their bright swords leap to life now?

Do they hear the far-rolled thunder of the grim guns in the night?  
Oh, the story and the glory of the fallen of the fight!  
Does the clamor of the captains reach their ranks all ghostly white?  
Nay—they rest with rusting blades.  
All the glory starred brigades,  
And the peace of God is on them in the splendor of the light.

In the peace of God they sleep, while the battle thunders sweep  
Over the echoing oceans where deep calleth unto deep:  
Where from stormy sea to sea  
Waves the starred flag of the free,  
And their comrades armed in Honor,  
their vigil-fires keep.

Oh, their story and their glory! Let the red stripes o'er them wave,  
Red as the blood that crimsoned them—the life-blood that they gave!  
Blow, bugles, east and west,  
Over their rose-wreathed rest,  
And the love of a common country,  
Like a garland on their grave.  
—Frank L. Stanton.

XXI.

## County Sketches.

### THE HOST.

"Do n't forget to stop at the store and tell Mr. Gallagher to send up six hams," said Mrs. Wilmer Jones to her husband as he was starting for his office one fine morning in May.

"Great Scott, Mary, that'll knock the socks off a twenty-dollar bill! Had n't we better buy them on the installment plan? You know we are not running any accounts now and I am a little short of funds. I might have to protest a store bill before court."

"But with all that company coming we're bound to have some supplies. I was so mortified when Mr. Montgomery was here the other day and there was n't a bit of meat in the house and we could n't catch a chicken."

This was an unpleasant reminder for Jones, for he had engaged to shoot a chicken and had accidentally killed the mother of an interesting brood. The orphans were still being reared by hand and were an ever present reproach to the unlucky marksman. So he very hurriedly promised to attend to the supplies and went his way.

Mrs. Wilmer Jones was in a good deal of trouble. The sugar barrel, the flour and meal chests were getting empty and she heard the melancholy sound of the scraping of the scoop against the bottom. Her husband never dreamed that such supplies would run out, and knowing that money was scarce with him, she found it very painful to tell him of any new necessity of spending money.

They had been married a few years before. They had exhausted all of their capital in building a house and furnishing it. Jones was a lawyer with cases enough to make him a moderate income and it was only a question of time until he would come to be one of the leading lawyers doing the class of business now in the hands of older men, who had traveled the road he was on. If he could keep his head above water, maintain himself at the county seat, and devote himself to the profession all would be well. The time would come when the men who now conducted the big cases through the devious windings of the courts of law would have lived their appointed time, or sit in the bar paralyzed with age, and leave the work to younger and more vigorous men such as he who had for years been in training for it.

Both Jones and his wife were county people and each had a large connection. They were fond of entertaining their friends and the Jones' became the headquarters for a lot of people when they came to town. It gave the couple the greatest satisfaction to have them with them and they received all with true hospitality, and their name was blessed in a large circle.

Wilmer and Mary both were

reared in the country. The custom they knew was that of the large Virginia plantation where guests came and went continually and where the proprietor gathered around him at every meal family and dependents and all strangers who cared to share in the glorious plenty of the homestead. So it had been at Wilmer's home and at Mary's. The fields and flocks furnished the house and the lord of the manor never felt the expense of supplying his large establishment. What he did not care to eat he sold.

Wilmer Jones and Mary Appleton, educated at modern schools and acquainted with narrower and more modern ideals in entertaining, were of the old stock and when they went to live in town their latchstring was always on the outside and every comer was made welcome.

But there are many things a man would like to do which he can not afford, and when bread and meat became a matter of money with the young lawyer, his wife realized that they were maintaining a too expensive establishment. She knew that time was long with her husband, that he was playing for a big stake that would take years to win, and she said that he must be kept free from the handicap of debt. She was more than willing to stand by him and live on bread and water. That would have been comparatively easy. It was a thousand times harder to make the uninvited guest do the same. So up to the time of which we write the table at the Jones' was bountifully spread when a guest was present, and there was no suggestion that he was causing the hostess any special trouble.

He was made to believe that he was permitted to share in the comforts of a home to which he naturally belonged. We take it that this is the essence of hospitality. The day when Wilmer had by his mental arithmetic made Mary realize the money value of Virginia hams, she set herself to thinking about the situation. She knew they were spending more than they made, and that is very menacing to the peace of future years. She knew that it was not in her, or Wilmer either, to entertain guests shabbily and that it would not do to appear poverty-stricken. She conceived a most brilliant scheme, which worked successfully, and which we have deemed it expedient to expose.

The idea was laid before Wilmer and the conspirators plotted. "Next Monday a whole gang will be in to stay all night for the County Court which begins Tuesday. Seems to me that we are liable to draw a house with which we can make the hit of the season. We will make Biggs and his wife come up and assist in the theatricals, and that darkey school teacher who waited at the springs last summer will be the very fellow to dazzle their eyes, and your wedding presents will make an awful glitter if they are well placed."

On Monday evening as the sun was going down Uncle Jimmy Romine rode into the village and looked sourly at the many inviting hotel signs which barred his path. He had calculated to stay with Wilmer Jones, and had reflected that some forty years before that young lawyer's grandfather had stopped with him, and it was time the call was returned. He rode to the pretty cottage where the Joneses lived and hitching his horse to the palings, threw his saddle pockets over his arm, marched up to the front door and made an alarm by knocking on the panel with his pocket-knife, not using the bell which had been placed at the door for his convenience.

The door swung open grandly, and that latter-day exquisite, the town-bred darkey, was standing with an exaggerated expression of respectful attention. "This whar Wilmer Jones lives?" "It is, sah."

"Is he in the house?" "Cahd, sah?" asked the waiter, presenting a silver salver.

Uncle Jimmy leaned against the

door-post and said impressively:

"I ast ye a civil question and I expect a civil answer. Is the proprietor at home?"

"Gimme yonah cahd, sah, and I will inquire within, sah."

"But I aint got no card to give ye. What sort of a card do I hev to hev?"

"A cahd with your name on it, sah."

"Oh, all right. I did n't understand." Uncle Jimmy after search found a much-worn postal-card addressed to himself which he deposited on the salver with sufficient dignity and soon after was ushered in where the waiter made him very uncomfortable by placing a chair under him. In the handsome room were three other candidates for degrees in good society, more or less depressed over their experience in working their way in.

Soon afterwards Wilmer and Mary came in dressed in evening clothes. Wilmer had vast expanse of shirt-front and Mary's dress was disconcertingly low in the neck. They gave their guests a cordial reception, but the poor people seemed somewhat uncomfortable.

Mr. and Mrs. Biggs came in suitably attired and added to the confusion. The dreadful waiter appeared and gracefully announced that "dinner was served." Uncle Jimmy and his cohorts had eaten a meal by that name at the middle of the day, and that or something else took their appetite. We can not go into the details of the affair. On that occasion the Joneses served a five course dinner in nearly two hours, and the terrible waiter in a white apron waited upon them in a faultless manner. Mary took on a society lisp. Wilmer talked about the "apotheosis of the millionaire." Biggs and lady enjoyed the splendid meal. Mary could not cook a poor meal to save her life. Uncle Jimmy had a time with his soup, and when the waiter presented him a finger-bowl he said he would n't "choose anything more to drink."

The evening was passed in good style, and Wilmer sent the guests to bed in charge of the polite town darkey. That faithful servant woke them all up at midnight to make them hand out their shoes to be blacked, and they being in three rooms he mixed them up so each man got another's shoes, and they did not get the matter righted until they met in a jury room when free from the constraint they felt at the house.

Jones urged his friends to come back but they never did so. They were much impressed and they felt it was an imposition to put folks to so much trouble. Jones became a great man and each one of his guests who was not already provided hunted up some law business and all put it in his hands. He believes that he got his start that day.

Uncle Jimmy said: "Them Joneses air powerful nice people, but they put on too doggone much style fer me. Gosh! A man what never tried it do n't know how many twists en turns them high tounded folks hev about their eatin'." It was about as tight a place as I ever was in, but I kinder congratulate myself that I did n't make no bad breaks. I done sent my boy off to college to get some advantages hisself, fer there is no tellin' whether he'd take in things kinder natural or not."

The Joneses had conquered by excessive politeness and from the day the dinner was reported in its fullest details the shoe was on the other foot. The Jones thereafter were able to choose their guests, instead of being chosen by them. They have never had such another state dinner.

Mr. P. Ketchum of Pike City, Cal., says: "During my brother's late sickness from sciatic rheumatism, Chamberlain's Pain Balm was the only remedy that gave him any relief." Many others have testified to the prompt relief from pain which this liniment affords.

For sale by Barlow & Moore, Ed. ray, Amos Barlow, Huntersville, D. T. McNeil, Buckeye; E. I. Holt, Academy.

## A Case of Supposition.

"Suppose," tentatively remarked the critical young tourist from the North, in a tone suitable for use in talking down from a height of conscious superiority, "I should tell you that Arkansas is fifty years behind the times in nearly all lines of advancement; that your society is crude to a degree; that many of your laws are merely relics of the semi-barbarism of ante-bellum days; that the very name of your State is a laughing stock and by-word all over the North; suppose I should—ah!—tell you that your people are woefully lacking in coming in commercial enterprise and acumen, and that your boasted Southern chivalry and your vaunted hospitality are myths? This is, you—ah—understand, merely a supposition, but if I were really to thus arraign this region what would be your reply? How would you controvert me?"

"Wal," calmly replied the Arkansas landlord, slowly removing the stem of his pipe from his mouth, carefully covering him with a revolver though the day was warm, and speaking without emotion: "I suppose I'd say fust: 'Mister Newcome, yere is yore bill.' After yo' had done paid it—which I suppose would be as fast as yo' could pull out yore pocket book—I suppose I'd continue: 'Yere is my six-shooter, Mr. Newcome, an' thar is the do!' Prob'ly I'd persued to say that yonder is the road leadin' to the depot, and sawter add that if you wasn't out of sight around the corner of the lumber yard beto' I counted ten I'd fill yore blankity-blank hide so full of holes that it wouldn't hold cawn-shucks. I suppose I might say suthin' mo', but—"

"Bub-bub-bub, ho-hold on, Mr. Sogback!" broke in the critical young man, his hair raising in horror. "I—I—this is only a supposition, you know, and—"

"Yep, I know that," returned the landlord steadily. "Yo' was only supposin and so was I. Yo' was jest supposin' that yo' should say so, an' I was jest supposin' what I'd do supposin' yo' did say it. Layin' aside all supposin, Mr. Newcome, and gitten right down to bed-rock, if yo' had n't been supposin' I should n't have mentioned anything about my six-shooter and the road to the depot, and so fo'th. I'd have simply let the gun speak for itself, collected my bill from off yore remains after the smoke had cleared away, an' telegraphed yore kin-folks to know if they wanted yo' shipped back to 'em on ice. But, as we both said before, this is jest a case of supposition,—you was supposin and so was I. Looks sawter like rain in the southwest; don't it?"

And the landlord calmly reinstated the stem of his pipe into his facial orifice and resumed the peaceful meditation from which the tourists ill-advised utterances had withdrawn him, leaving the gentleman from the North gasping like a recently caught fish.—Puck.

In another column will be found the advertisement of Wilmer Atkinson Co., publishers of The Biggle Books. In conciseness of statement, in the thoroughness with which the ground has been covered, The Biggle Books have won praises on every hand. The boiled-down, common-sense, cream not skim milk method, which characterizes the pages of the Farm Journal has been carried out in their preparation. For mechanical effect no expense or pains have been spared, and the highly finished paper, the beautiful illustrations, the excellent type and press work, and the handsome cloth binding make these books models of the printer's art. The color work in the Berry, Poultry and Cow Books has never been attempted before in any book selling for a reasonable price. No farm or rural home is complete without Judge Biggle's Books and no one interested in these subjects can afford to let another day go by without sharing in the helpful things with which their pages are filled. Pay \$40 for a farm library other than this and you will not have more value. The price is 50 cents, free by mail. Address the publishers, Wilmer Atkinson Co., Philadelphia.

When ears killed the cat, the score stood: Care, 1; Bootjack, 0.

## From The Pettyville Plaindealer.

To insure prompt examination, every Christmas story sent to this office should be accompanied by a full-grown turkey, becomingly dressed; and with each Christmas poem should come one gallon of good, serviceable cider, or at least one man-sized pumpkin pie, as a guarantee of good faith.

Our county correspondents are earnestly requested to send in, immediately after their occurrence, full particulars of the burning of the anateps Santa Clauses in their respective neighborhood, consequent upon their false whiskers catching fire from the candles on the various Christmas trees at which they officiate. We intend to run a full column of such casualties, and desire to make it as complete and interesting as possible. Early information of the agonizing death of innocent children at the hands of the Christmas candy presented to them by their loving Sabbath school teachers will be gladly received.

Each, every and all persons knowing himself, herself or themselves, as the case may be, indebted to this paper will receive a valuable and appropriate Christmas present in the form of a neatly gotten up receipt in full by bringing or sending to this office the amount due us. Every person not now a subscriber will be presented with the Plaindealer for one year upon handing in the regular subscription price, and will, in addition, be given a written guarantee that his name will be correctly spelled every time he receives mention, complimentary or otherwise, in the columns of this paper.—Puck.

## RUSKIN.

One of the greatest and most interesting of living men is John Ruskin of Brantwood, England. He was eighty years old on the 8th of February, 1899. His eightieth birthday was made the occasion for a most demonstrative expression of affectionate recognition by the English and American press and by eminent literary characters personally. It appears that the young men of thirty or forty years ago took their period of Ruskin as universally as they took any other part of their intellectual and moral training. So it has come about that it would be hard to find any man of our times who has exercised so potent an influence for art as an expression of truth and righteousness.

His mother was a highly accomplished lady, and was imbued with the impression that her son should begin his intellectual training with the Bible, and so he was a Bible student at his mother's knee.

Thomas Carlyle, the fiery prophetic genius of the 19th century, thus spoke of Ruskin: "No other man in England that I meet has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness, that Ruskin has, and every man ought to have."

An eminent writer after reviewing Ruskin's pamphlets, said: "The drift of all of Ruskin's preaching is a protest against materialism in ourselves, impurity in our studies, and desires, and selfishness in our conduct towards our fellows."

Tho he is living in virtual retirement, he works as industriously as his strength permits and practices his theory of life that he gave to the world long ago in one of his most memorable sayings: "I have a theory of life which it seems to me impossible as a rational being to be altogether without, namely, that we are sent into the world to be of such use to each other as we can."

Thus his old age is a gentle, quiet, but not unintellectual setting of the sun of life's a day which has filled the student world with his light.

Mr. John Bevins, editor of the Press, Anthon, Iowa, says: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy in my family for fifteen years, have recommended it to hundreds of others, and have never known it to fail in a single instance."

For sale by Barlow & Moore, Ed. ray, Amos Barlow, Huntersville, D. T. McNeil, Buckeye; E. I. Holt, Academy.

## An Independent View of Bryan.

Democrats in the east are just a little befogged regarding the position assumed by the friends of Bryan and those who stand steadfast in their belief that silver will not, in any sense of the word, be the predominant key-note of the next Presidential election. There is not the slightest doubt that Bryan is making what is known in racing circles as a grand-stand play. He is a regular political will-o'-the-wisp. He travels as fast and makes as many movements as a circus, and at times is almost as picturesque. One must at least admire his vitality, even if deprecating his lack of acumen. William Jennings Bryan stands opposed to some of the greatest standard bearers of Democracy when he asserts, and keeps on asserting until he is hoarse and out of tune, that the 16 to 1 question over-shadows all others and will continue to do so until the nominations are made for what promises to be one of the most memorable Presidential elections in the history of the country. Mr. Bryan is at least candid. He says he wants to run again. There is a sneaking belief on the part of those who know the man to the effect that if the party managers do not play into his hands he is ready to split the party and run on the third ticket. This, of-course, would be the rankest disloyalty, but then do not forget that a man will do many things when he is as anxious as Mr. Bryan is to become the President of a great country.—American Magazine.

Bad management keeps more people in poor circumstances than any other one cause. To be successful one must look ahead and plan ahead so that when a favorable opportunity presents itself he is ready to take advantage of it. A little forethought will also save much expense and valuable time. A prudent and careful man will keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house, the shiftest fellow will wait until necessity compels it and then ruin his best horse going for a doctor, and have a big doctor bill to pay besides; one pays out 25 cents, the other is out a hundred dollars, and then wonders why his neighbor is getting richer while he is getting poorer.

For sale by Barlow & Moore, Ed. ray, Amos Barlow, Huntersville, D. T. McNeil, Buckeye; E. I. Holt, Academy.

The Farm Journal is unlike any other paper; for one thing it prints no quack medical advertisements; for another it takes five-year subscriptions and gets the paper to its subscribers the full time if they are anywhere on this planet, even if they move two or three times; if they die their heirs get it. Now we are going to send the Farm Journal for the balance of 1899 and all of 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903, nearly five years, to every advance-paying subscriber to the Pocahontas Times, but better speak quick, as we have only a limited number Farm Journals to offer on these terms.

## Ramon Beats Them All.

Henry Bissell, Hatton, Arkansas, says: "I can not find words to explain the worth of Ramon's Liver Pills and Ramon's Relief also. I suffered with colic colic for years, and the doctors failed to do me any good. I cured it with Ramon's Relief and Ramon's Liver pills. I have sold drugs and medicines for 27 years, and have handled all kinds of patent medicines. Ramon beats them all. I have sold and used Ramon's for ten years with always the greatest satisfaction. Hundreds of customers will testify that Ramon's Liver Pills are the best family medicine they ever used. I wish every family had a trial dose in their house to-day."

If we could only go back to bows and arrows war would be a great deal cheaper and we could afford to have a great deal more of it.

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & THAX, wholesale druggists, Toledo, Ohio.